

The Alembic

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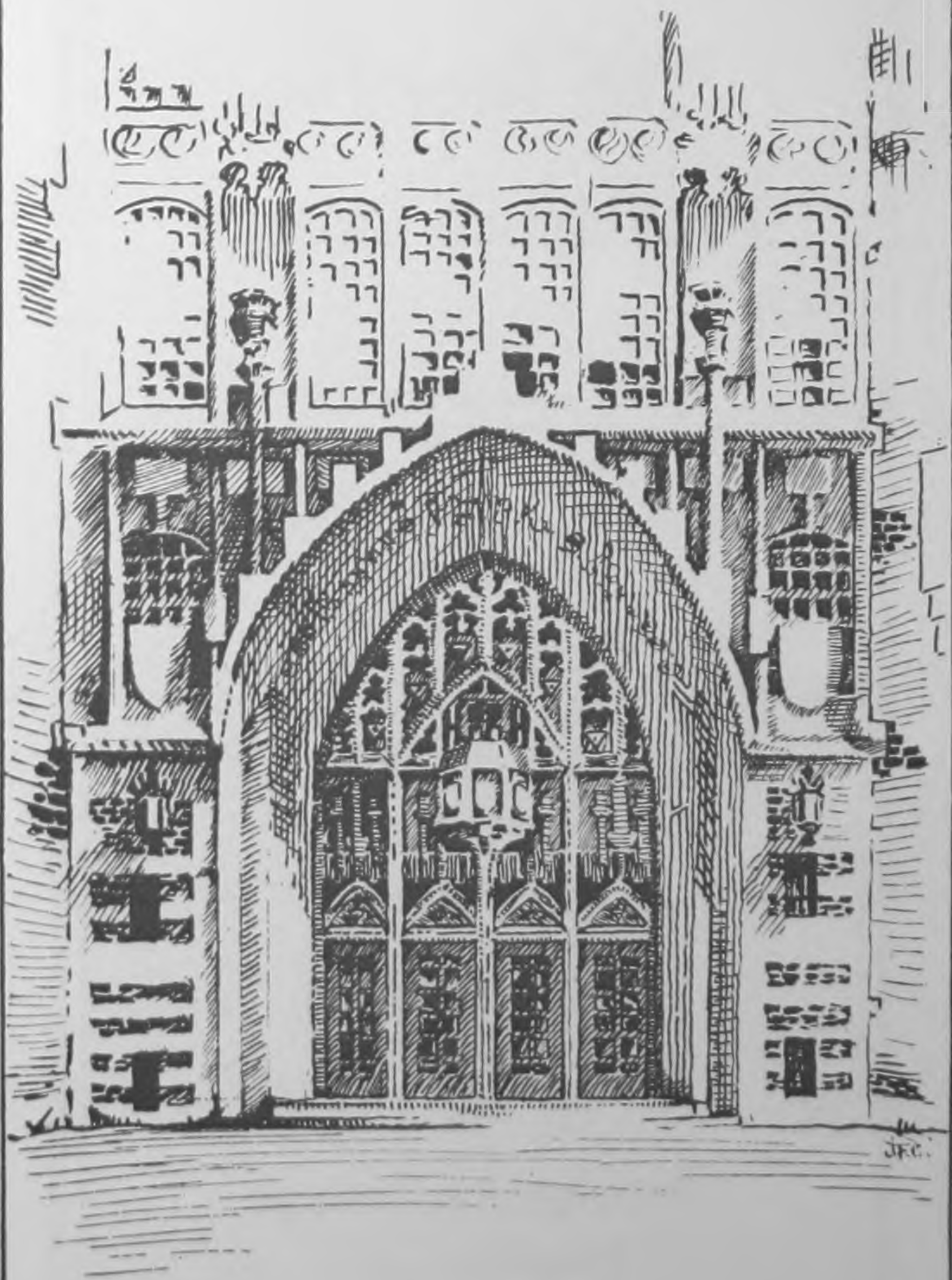
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The Alembic

Providence College



Published Quarterly
By the
Students of
Providence College
Providence, R. I.



A picture of the Old South in the serene days that followed the Civil War. This story catches a note of sadness from the simple life of an old plantation.

Homecoming

by Robert T. Murphy, '36

AUNT Judy, seated on the stoop of her modest cabin, paused in her work of beating cake batter to the rhythm of a tune she hummed to stir the heavy air with her hand. It was a hot sun that beat down on the peaceful Georgia scene this afternoon, and moist beads were forming continuously on her creased forehead and dropping into her complacent eyes as she worked.

"Mornin' Aunt Judy."

She looked up to see old Cato Pickens standing in the dusty road outside the gate.

"Seems like the old plantation gits wuss every time I comes down heah, don't it?"

The old negro seated himself on the ground beside her door with a sigh as Aunt Judy nodded her turbaned head and gazed sadly about. The other cabins in the long double row that had once been the servant quarters of the old Ramsey plantation had fallen into disuse and decay. Blades of grass tufted in the formerly trim dooryards; jimson weed and mullein choked garden patches that had once been tenderly watched over. Doors and shutters swung loose on broken

hinges, and the broad walk that led past them and on to the great house with the white pillars and peaked dormer-windowed roof was a tangle of underbrush. Even the Ramsey mansion itself wore an air of dilapidation. To Aunt Judy, who remembered when those big paneled doors were open in hospitable welcome the year round, the entire scene represented the sadness of a glory that once had been, never to return.

"Well, Cato, I'm de last one left. Fust dem Yanks kilt old marse, den de older boy, and last of all pore missus passed on to Glory. Some day young marse Tod'll come back, meb-be. Pore child. He aint gonna find much to come back to, now."

"A high-spirited child as I 'member him," reflected the old man. "De day he went, dey found a letter sayin' he's gonna work somewhere and pile up a lot o' money and come back to run dis ol' plantation like it was run afore ole Sherman an' his damn' Yanks come along."

"He was a good boy," mused the colored woman. "Hair all yellor an' curly . . . a regular angel he looked like. I kin see him now, a-runnin' down de path all happy an' excited over somepin' he jus' see or heard. Him an' my li'l Joe had some happy times together, a-playin' round all day long." Aunt Judy's eyes suddenly moistened at the thought of her dead little son. "Pore li'l Joe . . ."

Cato Pickens stirred uneasily and laid his hand kindly on the old mammy's shoulder. "I come down heah to tell you dat Br'er Garrett invites you to de 'mancipation Day picnic tomorrow. We all hope you kin join in the fun-makin', Aunt Judy."

"Well, bless you both—did Br'er Garret really think of ole me like dat?"

"You will be called fo' in a ca'age an' everythin', Aunt Judy. Better be ready 'round ten o'clock. Well, so long. Gotta be gittin' back. See you tomorrow." With a bow the old negro passed out through the gate and shuffled down the dusty road.

Aunt Judy turned again to her cake batter with a happy heart. This was to be her first Emancipation Day picnic, and brought a thrill to one unaccustomed to holidays as was she. The spicy fragrance of clove-pinks that grew beside the gravel walk mingled with the odors of sage and rosemary and delighted her nostrils. It was a smiling old mammy that turned through the door into the clean little cabin.

All was in readiness for the morrow's picnic when Aunt Judy finally retired for the night. It was with a feeling of immense satisfaction that she crept between the covers and smiled to herself in the darkness. "Bless de Lawd and Br'er Garrett", she muttered. "Tomorrow I go to the big doin's."

Morning found her up and stirring early. By the time she had performed the morning chores and given a final twist to the wonderful knot in her gaily colored turban, it was nearly time for the carriage to call. As she opened the front door to look up the road, the ragged figure of a white man collapsed at her feet on the stoop. She was visibly startled, but regained enough composure to berate him: "I got a big dawg that'll be set on you ef you don't go 'way about yore business right now, white man."

The huddled figure stirred ever so slightly. Beneath the matted hair that fell over his forehead, a pair of dim blue eyes looked up at her appealingly. Pale lips parted as if to speak, but could not utter sound. There was no need. With a hy-

sterical cry Aunt Judy picked up the tattered bundle and bore it into the house.

"Oh, Lawd above. It's pore marse Tod." She deposited him tenderly on the bed. Tears streamed down her black cheeks. "So you done come back home at last!"

Exhaustion had overtaken the young man and he was hardly able to nod his head in affirmation. Aunt Judy was immediately all bustle and care, spreading food and drink on the table. Don't try to talk, honey. Eat this—slow, now, or you'll choke shore 'nough." As she fed him, he seemed to recover some of his strength. Under the motherly ministrations of the old mammy he was soon able to lift his head and look about him. For the first time he spoke.

"Aunt Judy—wh—where is my mother?"

Before she could choke down the lump in her throat and tell him the sad news, a knock sounded at the door.

Outside, Br'er Garrett pompously removed his hat and extended a white-gloved hand. "Mawnin' Sister Judy . . . de ca'age——"

"Shhh, Br'er Garrett! Li'l marse Tod done come home dis mawnin' and I hopes you-all will excuse me fum attendin' the doin's. I got other things to 'tend to this 'mancipation Day. I shore have. Tell all and sundry dat I wishes dem de best o' fine times and wishes I was gonna be dere for de fun."

"To be shore, Sister Judy. To be shore," replied the tall colored ecclesiastic. "I'll tell 'em all and sundry."


When she entered the house the young man slept the sleep of exhaustion. Patiently, she sat by his side the whole day through until he stirred and awakened with the last parting glows of the sun over the treetops. Then she told him the whole story: how his family had been broken up and separated by

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You may recall that in the first issue of the current year we announced the adoption of a new and somewhat revolutionary policy with regard to our Exchange Department. To Mr. Scowcroft, Librarian of our staff, was assigned the arduous task of reading, analyzing, and recording his impressions of those other college magazines that came to us in exchange for copies of THE ALEMBIC. We are pleased to present herewith the results of an honest and intelligent study. You will find his work as interesting as it is comprehensive, informative and unique.

Current Trends in Modern College Magazines

by George T. Scowcroft, '37

 HE college periodical, better than any other single medium, affords an index to the working of the collegiate mass mind. Its pages are open to the best in thought and expression of the literary cream in the student body. The day of the rah-rah collegian is past; his place in the sun has been filled—and justly so—by the youth who has ambition to achieve and courage to try. And his fellows are willing to admire and encourage his spirit. The magazine that offers opportunity for able and sincere effort will be enthusiastically read and supported. With this transition in spirit has come a change in type in college periodicals. The comic hilarity of a decade ago has been definitely supplanted by the book serious literary aims. It is a good sign. There is hope that the

renaissance in things literary will bring with it a truer appreciation of all the finer things held in store for us by Life. It is with this favorable interpretation that we turn to our discussion of the trends that the majority of college periodicals are following.

Before treating of the content value of these subjects, it is well to pay passing mention of their makeup. Restricted as they are to two colors generally, most college magazines display a marked sense of taste in design. Practically all include in their permanent staffs an art editor, whose office it is to design cover and frontispiece and add a touch of decoration here and there to enliven the pages within. In most cases, this work has a finesse that is surpassed only by the best of commercial publications. Pen and ink work is in high favor, and occasionally one finds an artist with a flair for modernistic design—black and white line work that adds materially to the appeal of the book.

As to contents, the average college magazine is divided as follows:

Short-story	32 per cent
Essay	20 per cent
Editorial	14 per cent
Verse	7 per cent

The remaining 27 per cent represents miscellaneous matter—news items, sports, campus chronicles, alumni notes, etc. These features vary with the individual magazine, and offer little interest in this type of survey.

The undergraduate short-story author is more inclined to concentrate on form than on plot material. The themes, as a rule, are consistent with most short-stories: foundation in reality, idealized by treatment into something readable. And

that is the keynote of all college publication selection—readability. Few such magazines will attempt to print what the reader *should* like; they are intent upon offering what he or she *will* like.

A peculiar type of story has found its way into college periodicals of late. It may be described as a happy medium between the short-story and the short-short-story. Its popularity may be ascribed to its convenient length in proportion to the bulk of the book. It affords more character study than the short-short, and follows the climax policy of the short story.

The *sine qua non* of a good story is two-fold: it must have a certain organic substance and an artistic form of presentation. The "pulse of life" must throb through its pages, while careful and artistic selection and arrangement of material are essential for the most direct and appealing effect. The old standard narrative form still occupies top place in student preferences, but is being consistently challenged by the more difficult type that is mostly dialogue. It is our opinion that a story that employs dialogue to the greatest advantage while tempering it with narrative tags will be the natural outcome of this conflict. Such treatment is exemplified in *Homecoming*, by Robert T. Murphy, which will be found elsewhere in these pages. This trend toward dialogue as a vehicle of delineation may be due to the influence of Hemingway's popularity among college men. He is one of the more ardent sponsors of the dialogue movement in modern literature, and there are few reading students who cannot discuss him intelligently.

The tableau-effect ending of the old-fashioned stage show characterizes a number of the collegiate short-stories. This is not to be frowned upon, however, for it has been used to great advantage by Poe, de Maupassant and Hawthorne, and is be-

ing revived by some moderns. In general, the short-stories of most college magazines will afford an entertaining few minutes to any average reader.

The essay provides the widest diversity of topic range, which probably accounts for its increasing popularity among readers and *ipso facto* among writers. Many colleges, too, offer courses in essay reading and writing. The accepted definition of an essay tells us that it is "a composition of moderate length, usually in prose, which treats in an easy and discursive manner of the external conditions of a subject, and of that subject only as it affects the writer." The secret of the essay's appeal is found in the last element of the definition: it affords a natural, friendly and intimate relationship between writer and reader, and escapes the factual chill of the dissertation.

It is interesting to note that women's college magazines favor the essay over other forms of writing. Research indicates that this is because women's publications boast over twice the number of contributors that male colleges have. To keep their books within reasonable length, the former must favor the more moderate form of the essay over the short-story.

About 35 per cent of the essays read by this department in the course of its survey were found to be representative of intelligent thought and sincere effort to portray some phase of life. The remainder are confessedly dedicated to entertainment—a notable trend towards writing well on trivial topics. A famous critic once said that "easy writing makes damned hard reading." Our humble version of the converse of his protest would be, "easy reading requires hard writing."

The supreme criterion of a good magazine is its editorial page. It is gratifying to observe that the majority of those who write editorials for college publications have cultivated, for the

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*Another colorful story in
word-pictures that live, by the
author of Fog Night.*

Air Raid

by John H. Fanning, '38

THE heavy murk of night is split here and there with sparks of bluish fire from the tails of five massive bats that drone over the earth in ear-aching roar till they plunge into distance and blend their noises into a retreating soothing hum. The immediate world seems silent, detached, alone. But off to the north, at the front lines, the sleeping sky is betrayed by flashing glows that fade and die. With each assault of an exploding bomb, the earth shudders. It is a nightmare world—a world of war.

To taut men leaning over the sides to pierce the engulfing darkness, the scene below is as a glimpse of another life. Trench patterns are gashes in the earth's torn body. Moving lines are marching ghosts bent on an errand that will claim a ghastly toll. Each repercussion causes the earth to throb in anguished labor. The bombers drone on. The air is sweet and cool about their heads as space yields to their pressure.

No Man's Land lies far below—waiting, watching, brooding. Dead wastes stretch in endless succession. Suddenly the leader signals. The quarry has been sighted. The hypnosis of the gliding caravan is broken. Everything tautens for action. A crawling train, innocent custodian of tons of explosives, follows its course, dragonlike. The cruising butterflies of the sky hover above, hesitate as if to deposit pollen, and drift away. From below there is a deafening crash; in its wake

sputters a streak of blue flame until the whole charge booms in one mighty voice that threatens to shake the stars out of their hiding places. A million streaks of light shoot into the air, brightening the night into hot noon. Uproar. Chaos. Destruction. A last fitful shudder, and the world is dark and silent as death. Five swift air-runners turn slowly homeward for the sleep that is to strengthen them for tomorrow's joust with Death. All quiet. All peace again.

Once again the air is sweet and cool. A pilot hums a tune he learned in another world he once occupied. His cares for tonight at least, are over. He dips and curves in lazy grace as an idle amusement after the strain. His brothers are running swiftly on ahead. Smiling, he turns to follow, still humming that almost-forgotten tune.

Panic! A gigantic blinding wandering beam has come to rest on his plane. He tries to dodge, zoom, escape, but that blinding glare is leechlike in its persistence. Discovered! Frantically, he swoops and turns, speeds and slows—but it is always with him. Discovered! A barrage of thunder booms below, myriad patches of light dart heavenward, whining fragments of steel fly at him from all directions at once, as puffs of black soot mushroom heavenward from below. Now all is awake and the world itself is a volcanic blast that is contemptuous of life and mad for death. The air bristles with deathly jabs of steel. There is the scream of punctured fabric. Something flames red on the wing, spreads into burning, devouring inferno. The plane jerks like a winged duck, wobbles, hesitates, and whining, twisting, whistling, dives for earth.

* * * *


HERE LIES——

Killed in action, Aug. 10th, 1917

A timely article on a question of local interest, by one who has lived in the town of which he writes.

Prosperity and Depression in Millville

by Daniel J. Hart, '35

 HIS quiet locality nestled in the Blackstone Valley in Worcester County, Massachusetts, has a future of which no one knows. From its very name one might guess that it was an industrial town. Certainly it was, several years ago, but all that the people of Millville have to attest to that fact are happy recollections and the sight of two industrial plants that are no longer in operation. Where once they worked side by side with their fellow man, the only sign of life is the movements of the watchman making his rounds. Millville has had an interesting industrial history, and I shall attempt to disclose the beginnings of industrialism, its greater expansion, and finally the collapse of local industries effecting a destitute people and town that found it expedient for the state to intervene.

Millville possessed a great natural waterway running through it for the location of industries. The Blackstone river afforded wonderful opportunity for the erection of dams that water power might be realized. As early as 1732, Millville had within it a quiet mill owned by one Samuel Thompson.

Millville was incorporated as a town in 1917. Throughout its early history such names as Darling, Smith, Warfield, Bennett, Daniels, Taft, and Farnum predominated. These people of English parentage, however, lose their domineering influence with the advent of the Woonsocket Rubber Co. and

the Lawrence Felting plant. Up until 1880, the population was practically of English descent, but in 1885, just five years later, it may be noted that all public officials of the town are of Irish descent. So that by 1890 four-fifths of the population is made up of the Rileys, Carrolls, Mulveys, and others of Hibernian lineage. The cause for the influx of the Irish into this territory may be laid to the fact that employment was easily obtained in the two large mills which together could employ twelve hundred workers.

The village of Millville never had a population over twenty-eight hundred people. Practically everyone able to work was employed in mill work in their home town, while a few found employment elsewhere. Up until several years ago two depots were standing, each with its own freight house and yard. The depots were the waiting stations of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, and the Boston and Albany. The property of the Boston and Albany railroad was sold at auction, due to the lack of shipping business. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford station which is within one hundred yards of the industrial plants, is occupied but one-half hour a day by a station agent. The large freight house was leased to a hay and grain company two years ago. Whereas, there was the continual howling and rattling of a passing freight or coach train, now but four trains pass on quickly rusting tracks of two railway divisions.

The hotels that harbored those employed in the town are a ghostly spectacle to behold, with their boarded windows and general dilapidated condition. All these prevailing conditions may be attributed to the shutdown and removal of the industrial systems.

His Excellency, Joseph B. Ely, in compliance with the act of the legislature, appointed on August 23, 1933 a Commission composed of three members, which was to carry out the direction of the Great and General Court.

The State Commission qualified on August 24, 1933, and arranged for a public meeting in the Town Hall at Millville in the late afternoon of August 25, 1933. This meeting was well attended, and explanation was made as to the law which empowered the Commission until April 20, 1936, to perform and exercise in the town of Millville all rights, powers and duties now or hereafter conferred or imposed upon the inhabitants of said town and its officers, notwithstanding the common law or any provision of statutory law to the contrary.

The boards and offices not abolished by the passage of the act were subsequently abandoned by action of the Commission, with the exception of the office of treasurer and collector, held by Robert A. McLaughlin, and the offices of town clerk and town accountant, the incumbents of which are still active, very efficient and helpful to the Commission.

The effort of the Commission has been to keep the schools in good order, the debts paid, the needy cared for, to eliminate all unnecessary charges, and make available for Millville every possible benefit from the federal, state and county governments. When the Commission took office they found that school books, necessary school equipment, and even drinking facilities and the like, were in bad condition, if not completely lacking. Readjustment was made in regard to certain teaching arrangements, transportation and other facilities for the school children. The State Department of Health has assumed the work usually done by a school physician. A school situation developing through lack of funds is not a cheering spec-

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tacle, and the Commission has made many worthwhile adjustments while it has been in charge. The town library, located in the Town Hall, had fared but little better than the schools, but is now in good condition. The Newton Library most graciously furnished the Millville Library with about one hundred books, all in excellent condition, from their duplicate collection. Through the Massachusetts Library Aid Association story hours were arranged for all grades in the school.

The students of Wellesley College, contributing through the Wellesley College Service Fund, had completed a good part of their rehabilitative program in Millville before the Commission was appointed, but consented upon the request of the Commission, to direct their donations to Millville work for a longer period. The money received from the Wellesley College Service Fund enabled scores of Millville school children to continue to receive necessary and expert dental attention. The total amount, since the latter part of 1931, contributed by the students of Wellesley College for the aid of children in Millville amounts to approximately \$4,000.

The condition of the town of Millville, because of the complete stagnation of industrial activities was brought to the attention of the federal relief officials. Out of a series of conferences there developed a distinct departure from the regular relief measures adopted at the time, by the establishment of a knitting factory under federal sponsorship and supervision, which movement attracted nation-wide attention. On June 1, 1934, authorization was received to proceed with the factory set-up, and it was agreed that the town of Millville would provide manufacturing space and assume the costs for heat, light and power. The Emergency Relief Administration was to finance and furnish all raw materials, machinery and labor pay-

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GYPSIANA

Beside the road in the moonlight
The gypsies have made their camp;
The far-flung sky their shelter,
The light of the moon their lamp.

All thru the night there'll be dancing;
Gay every gypsy heart!
Till dawn and the trail come calling
And caravan wheels depart.

Herbert F. Murray, Jr., '35.

LINES FROM LETHE

She smiled and my heart vaulted upward;
She frowned and I dropped in despair.

Bacchus called and my lips hastened cupward;
I drank and it banished all care.

I sobered and thought of the morrow;
Perhaps she would still be true.

She was, and her kiss routed sorrow,
O Bacchus, e'en better than you.

John B. McCarthy, '36.

The only solution is often the saddest. The story of how a problem suddenly solved itself.

Pride Goeth

by Eugene J. Sullivan, '37

JOAN," bedridden Mrs. Fletcher called weakly, "I'll have my tea now if it's not too much bother."

"Right away mother," came the response from the kitchen, where a fatigued girl of twenty-two stood struggling with a preserve jar that would not part with its cover.

Joan hummed a cheery little tune as she carried the tray into the bed-room a few minutes later. The cheer in her voice, however, was no indication of her spirit as she watched her mother refuse help and try to adjust herself to receive the tray. The feeble woman showed haggard and worn against the pillows, but the triumphant gleam in her eyes as she reached for the refreshments was sufficient evidence of the unyielding courage and indomitable will that was hers.

"This tastes so good, Joan."

"But the doctor said that you weren't to have it."

"I'm perfectly alright, I'll be out of this bed in a few days"—defiantly her voice rose and wavered uncertainly.

Joan thought differently, but she turned her saddened and worried face aside so as not to betray her suspicions. She hated to watch that shaking hand guide the cup to those quivering lips: it seemed such a stubborn and futile gesture not to

accept relief from these unimportant tasks, and they taxed her mother's precious strength so unnecessarily.

The woman, handing the tray back to her daughter, pulled her pre-maturely senile body around and faced her daughter with an accusing glance.

"The doctor'll be here soon," reminded the girl.

"Oh yes. Well hand me that mirror."

"No, mother, I'll fix your hair."

"Now Joan, I am perfectly capable of waiting on myself, and I do wish you'd stop insisting I'm not," and then, "I'm sure the doctor will be pleased with my condition today."

"I don't see how he can be," answered the exasperated girl, "you haven't carried out one of his instructions."

"I don't need to be pampered and babied, I'd be less trouble and more good if he'd let me out of this cursed bed." The retort was voiced with a fire disproportionate with her obviously weakened condition.

Joan, anxious to avoid any further argument, handed her the mirror and other necessary articles and hurried out of the room, silently rebelling against her mother's tenacity to set notions. "If she would only realize," thought Joan, "what a sick woman she really is, and act accordingly she might stand half a chance of getting well, but this way, never."

In the bed-room Mrs. Fletcher suffered untold heart twinges, due to the efforts incidental to her toilette. But with the typical New England stolidity that had made her such a well known and loved character in the village, she forced these feelings down by sheer power of her will. As she studied her discouraging features in the glass, she could not but compare them to the zest and youth of a few years back. Suddenly there came the realization that in these past few months she had become a very old woman. The pale thin face looked back

at her, denying the wisdom of her actions, and advising her to stop tormenting herself with the image. The contrast, however, between the pallid features and the glitter in her eyes was the one reason for her refusal to succumb. She did not see that the light shining forth was rather a torch of fever that was burning the proud heart down to weak submission. So spurning the use of comb or brush she tidied her hair pertunctorily and called to Joan to put the things back on the bureau. "Even my hair," she mused, "has turned so fast that I look like a different person. In June it was streaked with grey and now it's streaked with black——and that only four months ago."

The telephone rang as Joan entered the room, and the girl hurried off again to still the incessant clamor. Mrs. Fletcher was barely able to hear her daughter's answers.

"Hello——speaking——oh, hello Jack"——so it was Jack Husing, the attentive woman thought——a nice boy and Joan thinks a lot of him. The conversation went on——"I can't, not tonight——You know I shouldn't leave her"——That was too much——"Joan!" the cry was raucous and trailing. "If Jack wants you to go out with him tonight, you go. Now I mean it, I'd just as soon be alone. She heard Joan accept the invitation, say good-bye and put the phone down.

Joan did not re-enter the room at once, so the insistent woman raised her voice again to call her.

"I didn't mean to interfere, dear, but I really feel quite well and you need a little change."

"All right mother. As long as you don't mind." The reply wasn't very convincing but the thoughtful mother sank back exhausted into the outlined place on the pillow.

When the doctor came out after his examination hours later, Joan dropped the work she was doing and asked him for instructions.

The kindly old gentleman (he had been with the family since the arrival of Joan) shook his head slowly, "There is no immediate danger, child, but under no circumstances must she be allowed to exert herself." This last was shouted, but he added more softly, "I know she heard, but you and I know that she'll pay no attention." They conferred a little while longer and when the doctor finally took leave Joan's eyes were misted.

As Joan sped through the preparations for supper she was looking forward to seeing Jack, but apprehension mingled with the joy when she remembered Jack's insistence on marriage as the solution of her problem. What funds there were left she knew would soon be gone unless her mother got well enough for Joan to resume work, or unless———but no, she wouldn't think about that; it would come all too soon.

When Jack called that evening, he went in to speak to Joan's mother. Mrs. Fletcher could not help noticing how ruggedly good-looking the young man was; but then, she maintained, Joan was a fine girl, deserving of the best. Joan, dressed and ready, but reluctant to be leaving, joined them. The three, so essential to each other's happiness, found talking cursory and awkward, and the youngsters soon left the failing woman alone with her thoughts.

She let the evening paper fall down on her knees. Its news of death, crime, misfortune, and modern notions was disheartening. Her eyes gazed unseeingly out of their noble but wasted frame. She was trying to picture her two children, for Jack was pretty nearly taken for granted, as the administra-

tors of her compact little property. There was a mortgage of four thousand dollars on the house, but when things cleared up that would soon be removed; her insurance would almost take care of it. She sincerely wished they would get married. They wanted to, she was sure, but she feared Joan would never consent under the circumstances; she was too proud. "Blast the girl's pride," she muttered aloud, "but then, who am I to criticize?"

The room had grown stuffy since their departure. She considered the possibility of getting up and opening the window. The more she dwelt on the thought the more it flattered her. She had been dying to demonstrate her usefulness, now here was an opportunity to prove it. Throwing back the covers she set her feet firmly on the floor, but, looking again, winced at the distance to be covered. She half turned as if to lie back again, but the desire to justify her stubborn pride won the day. Grasping a chair, she raised herself to her feet. Swaying at the unaccustomed exertion, she stepped boldly forward, steadied herself at the foot of the bed, took one long breath, and with her hand over her heart guided her faltering steps toward the window.

* * * * *

"I think a ride will do you more good than anything else," offered Jack, after they had settled themselves in the roadster that Jack's business had just made possible.

"I suppose so," came the spiritless answer, "it will give me a chance to breathe a little fresh air and clear my mind."

"Your mother doesn't seem to be improving much," the words were a question as well as a sympathetic offering.

"And she never will, if she doesn't stop trying to do everything herself." The girl's reply was despairing.

(Continued on Page 66)

The Words of Men

by Richard Brunell, '38

Words are torches, illuminating with vivid gleam
The subject they are called to present
Which in the mind does teem.
To express the sound of waters
Swirling in the sea,
And the murmur of the brooklet;
Its message to you and me.

The rumbling of the thunder and shrieking of the wind
Impressed themselves on the ancient human's mind.
To imitate these sensations
Man created sound
Then the need for sympathy
In the hearts of men was found;
Trembling joy or racking pain
Did not suffice for them—
They wanted to express their thoughts
And speak to other men.

For as the man developed,
He no longer wished to be
Like animals who hid their agony
And died in solitude
He could love his fellow beings,
And needed words to express sorrow.
He needed them to share in
The joys that he could borrow
From other men in stories
And things he did behold.

Thus, 'tween words and things
There is a natural mold.
Scintillating words bring form
To imperfection or beauty warm—
Monstrous things, or flowers,
Or bees in humming swarm
Or trees bent o'er in homage
To the power of a storm.

Remember Chicken in our February issue? Well, the old corner druggist is back again with another delightful little story. You'll like—

Blowout

by William J. Sullivan, '36



THE way to a man's heart is through his stomach; to a woman's—well, the bird who can answer that one could make millions handing out heart-cure to all the love-sick Romeos. Women are funny, all right. I know what I'm talking about. I haven't been dishing out ice cream sodas and sundaes (biggest and best in town) to the lads and their ladies all these years for nothing. Living and working near the College, you get to be a pretty good judge of character just by listening to people order drinks and stuff. Not that I'm a snooper, you understand, but you can't help picking up bits here and there if you keep your eyes and ears open. For instance, if a girl wants two or three kinds of nuts, cherries, whipped cream and all that on the same sundae, the fellow had better watch out. But if she has to be coaxed to have a large "coke" instead of a small one, she's the kind that suits every collegian's wallet.

As I was saying, women are funny; Betty Read was no exception. Us older folks always remembered her as a quiet sensible kid—a skinny, freckled-faced bundle of bones and grins who always asked for all-day-suckers and stickers—but that just goes to show. . . . Anyway, by the time she reached

the dating age, she was quite a looker. Nothing that would make Venus de Milo turn in her armless grave with envy, or cause the movie moguls to beg her to come to Hollywood so they could let Garbo "go hom," but still, as the boys say, not bad.

Betty's best beau was Cy Williams' oldest son, Bob. He was a good kid—not one of those cowboys whose only accomplishment is throwing the verbal bull, but a real good earnest boy. He was doing right well in the old man's garage and it was pretty sure that he and Betty were slated to weld for weal or woe. That is, until George Norton came into the picture.

This Norton was a big goof who had never done a lick of work in his life, and probably never would. You know the type: one of those unsoiled doilies whose only claim to fame is their fathers money. But he had a car and plenty of allowance, and he wore those smart garberdine suits that the women and nice boys seem to go for. And as I said, women are funny.

Of course, as Bob himself admitted to me one night, it was partly his own fault. Betty and several of the other girls went out to the Bucket—as O'Leary's Dance Pavilion is slangishly termed—one night to dance. Seems that times have changed a lot since I was a boy. I remember when a girl wouldn't go any place without a chaperone or something, but now. . . . Anyway, the Bucket is a little dance hall out at the edge of town, and Bob heard that Betty and her crowd had gone out there for the evening. Maybe this was all right, but Bob didn't think so. He jumped into his old Model T and rattled out there in a quick way. There he found Betty hopping away in simple content with the impeccably garbed Norton. This Norton should have felt about as comfortable as a centi-

pede with corns, in his smooth clothes in the midst of all the open-shirts and sweaters, but that arrogant insolence that comes with wealth and collegiate life was his protection against any embarrassment.

Bob made no bones about his errand: "Betty," he says as soon as he got over beside them. "Betty—come here a minute, I want to talk to you."

"See you after this dance, Bob."

"Come now."

"Later, Bob. Don't get in everybody's way."

"Betty, if you don't come out of here with me now. . . ."

"I'm staying till the last dance," says the girl impishly, and they moved off.

"Once more—if you don't come now, we're through for good."

She didn't come, and that was that. Well sir, poor Bob took it pretty hard. He wasn't one to cry on your shoulder, but if you watched him close you'd notice a lost, forlorn look around his eyes. I've seen other kids mooning around like that and believe me, I'd rather see them take a good lashing than have to live with something hurting inside all the time.

The night Betty went to the Prom with Norton, Bob dropped in for a banana split. He was moody and sore, and I knew there'd be trouble if anyone touched him off, so I tasted the whipped cream to be sure it wasn't sour or anything.

"How's it coming, kid?" I says as he's licking off the last spoonful.

"She can go to the devil, for all of me," he growls and stalks out. That's how testy he was getting.

One night, about a week later, Bob was out at the Bucket looking for some way to forget it all, when in walked Betty and that sap Norton. They were kind of dusty as if they'd

walked a long way, and Norton called over to Bob from the door.

"Hey, Williams, I've got a job for you. I got a flat about a mile down at Stillwater Lane. Came here to call a garage, but if you want to. . . ."

The insult was plain. Not only steal a chap's girl, but hire him to do dirty work, too. Just like Norton.

"Why, you—" and smack! Bob put over a honey to the left eye.

It was one of those one-two-three dancehall affairs, with the college boy getting in all three. At last Bob bites the dust and stays down there to chew and digest it. He was out like the cat at bedtime.

Now, according to all legends, the girl should have walked off with the victor; but that's not Betty's kind. She was sobbing over that form on the floor like her heart would break.

"Oh, Bob—did he hurt you?"

"Ohhhh! Uh-huh."

"I'm so sorry, Bob. Honest I am. Sorry for everything. Will you forgive me? That big goof can't even change a tire. Please say you forgive me. Please!"

"Uh-huh."

Yes sir. Women sure are funny. Are those kids stealing jelly beans out of that barrel again? Git, darn ye!

Senior Class Poll

Results . . . with the questions just as they were asked.
How nearly do you agree?

Do you smoke? Yes: 79%
No: 21%

Favorite cigarette Chesterfield
Camel

Favorite popular song Stardust
Isle of Capri

Favorite movie actress Claudette Colbert
Mae West

Favorite movie actor George Arliss
Frederic March

Best recent movie Richelieu
David Copperfield

Have you a "steady girl"? No: 55%
Yes: 45%

If you intend to marry,
how soon? Average: 6 years

Chosen career Business
Teaching

Is this the career you would
choose regardless of cir- Yes: 74%
cumstances? No: 26%

Do you consider it worth the Yes: 98.4%
while to come to college? No: 1.6%

Most enjoyable year at college	Senior Junior
Greatest present day figure in the world	Pope Pius XI Hitler
Greatest present day figure in the United States	President Roosevelt Father Coughlin
Greatest figure in world history	Jesus Christ Napoleon
Greatest figure in American history	George Washington Abraham Lincoln
Favorite book	Great Mouthpiece (Fowler) Anthony Adverse (Allen)
Favorite radio program	Fred Allen Jack Benny and Fred Waring (tie)
Primary requisite in choosing a wife	Character Adaptability
Most admirable characteristic in a man	Honesty Congeniality
Favorite sport	Baseball Football
In how many extra-curricular activities have you participated?	(average) 2.9
Will you go to a university?	No: 62% Yes: 30% Undecided: 8%
Most popular classmate	John F. Cavanagh William J. Kutneski

<i>Best dressed</i>	Richard Hopcraft Thomas J. Reily
<i>Typically collegiate</i>	Bartholomew J. Skipp Joseph McLaughlin
<i>Most admired</i>	John Madden George Cusack
<i>Handsome</i>	J. Ford McGowan Richard Hopcraft
<i>Best business man</i>	Gordon F. Harrison and Frank H. Conway (tie) Arthur Rosen and Hyman Stein (tie)
<i>Most earnest student</i>	George J. Cusack James Greer
<i>Most humorous</i>	James Dempsey David F. Powers
<i>Done most for college</i>	John F. Cavanagh J. Ford McGowan
<i>Best disposition</i>	Richard J. Condon Charles A. Warren
<i>Most versatile</i>	J. Ford McGowan William J. Kutneski
<i>Most likely to succeed</i>	James J. Conley Gordon F. Harrison
<i>Best athlete</i>	William J. Kutneski John E. Madden
<i>Best politician</i>	Arthur A. Geoghegan Edward F. Hanson, Jr.

The Providence College Alembic

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There are certain trends in contemporary society which seem to be explicable, or which are given their proper lineage, so to speak, only by reference to that *Sanctions and Freedom* gradual depletion of spiritual life occasioned by those who have jettisoned the appointed means of preserving and fostering it. Here in America the more vigilant and scholarly critics of our times have deprecated the drift toward modernism manifested by many Christian bodies in shelving dogmas which alone can explain the condition and purpose of human existence on this earth. They have questioned, too, the wisdom of emphasizing service to humanity as the motivating ideal of Christian organization, especially

since the traditional doctrinal supports have come to be regarded with indifference. Too often such humanitarianism has been misguided. Perhaps, in the last analysis, the unconscious aspiration of that movement is to substitute new and merely human sanctions for the old supernatural sanctions. That is the issue we had in mind when we began this essay.

Of course, the phenomenon presents itself unmistakably in the political philosophy which is guiding the destinies of Russia, Germany and Mexico today. These nations, it seems, at least in their official philosophy, have repudiated the traditional sanctions of Christianity. It is impossible to believe that those sanctions no longer have effect in the lives of most of the people who live under these governments. But what we wish to consider is not so much nationalism as the attitude and influence of that group which regards itself as emancipated. These are the critics, both in England and America—rather temperamental people—who have been most blatant, most abusive, and most glib in their contempt for traditional values. They have already been pretty severely dealt with by Catholic apologists, and by the more reputable literary critics. But their sentiments have had wide circulation and a disturbing influence on those who, in the matter of criticism, are immature. A certain class of readers is easily deceived by an engaging literary style and by what appears to be a scholarly treatment. It is regrettable that so many intelligent but uncritical people are deluded by this "theology." These writers are the champions of those who would ease themselves of supernatural obligations, of those who wish to be confirmed in their disbelief of the old sanctions. Perhaps some of our present day social ills might well be discussed in the light of this question of sanctions.

Once they are abandoned there seems to be no real guarantee of a Christian order of things.

Now, while it is not uncommon to find that those who clutch at false philosophy are acting in bad faith, that is, they endorse the irrational principles of these writers and acclaim them as enlightened and progressive because they cannot conform their lives to the Christian code of morality enforced by supernatural sanctions, it is also true that many are misled by the modern prophets due to ignorance. The latter do not adopt a new code of ethics, yet profess to believe that civilization would be greatly benefited by the acceptance of the new ideas. But they are not quiet in their convictions. They reject the dogmas of Christianity, in many cases without even knowing what they were. They can be expected to lose enthusiasm for the new creed which they advocate, perhaps in favor of some still more novel formulae. Some will eventually come to see that the farther they depart from the fundamental teachings of Christianity the more they "dehumanize" the nature of man. They will come to see that the Christian scheme of things is not visionary, that the real visionaries are those who look for a perfect social order based on their own ethical system, which, divorced from all religion, can claim no adequate sanctions.

The age is suffering from a great many delusions. Not the least of these is the new concept of freedom, which means the rejection in whole or in part of what the Church has always taught concerning the origin, nature and destiny of man. The progress of mankind demands that these dogmas be cast aside as so much fiction. This, as many writers have observed, is one of the cardinal delusions of the age. Man's destiny is

not here on earth in some social Utopia. There has been little or nothing in the experience of the human race to warrant such faith. Man's destiny must correspond with man's nature, and man is such as he has been created by God.

And so it seems that this new freedom is part of an elaborate misunderstanding of the whole scheme of existence. Returning to our topic, it is seen that the emancipation which so many are acclaiming means the disavowal of supernatural sanctions and the establishment of merely human sanctions in their place. The Christian system is decidedly more realistic. Freedom in the Christian sense signifies something real and vastly important. It is a question whether freedom in the sense in which the word is bandied about to-day means anything.



How Tomes Have Changed!

by E. Riley Hughes, '37

IT is entirely beyond the concern of this column to discover whether or not we are being read. The question may have a statistical importance of which we are unaware, such as a nice comparison of the ratio of those who cheerfully admit addiction to the comic section as contrasted with those who peruse book reviews, but we care not. After a year of hopeful mention of what seemed to us to be outstanding contributions to the literary field, we know that, regardless of that mention, as astonishing appreciation of the latest grist from the publishers' mill is being evinced by undergraduates here, both on and off the campus.

Although we are not armed with statistics, nevertheless we venture to make a few statements indicative of the books being read. Pearl Sydenstricker Buck seem to be the undergraduate's favorite author. More students admit having read her more than any contemporary we mentioned. Of course *Anthony Adverse* is being read IN FITS AND STARTS. The average reading time for this magnus opus seems to be three months of intermittant labor. We hear a great deal of positive and discriminating appraisal about the book but there is also the attitude that it is the correct thing to do, that one must read Hervey Allen in *toto* or remain horribly and defiantly low-brow.

It is well to mention here that this year again a woman won the Joseph Pulitzer award for the best American novel. The novelist is Josephine Johnson and her book, a beautiful

and sharply drawn piece of work, has the really haunting (or so it seems to us) title, *Now in November*. Whatever may be said about the Pulitzer award for the year's best play, few would wish to see the novel award given elsewhere. The book, though a first novel, is a mature and balanced performance. It is customary to appraise a first novel by saying its author shows promise; in this instance it is necessary to go beyond that and say that the work in itself is both promise and achievement.

In the current *New Outlook* a writer comments at some length on the reading habits of the American people. He notes that a great increase in literary circulation has been effected in the last three years and he attempts to arrive at some conclusions as to the type of books preferred by that group commonly and conveniently named "the masses." He points out, though, that "the masses" proper never go near a library and apparently read only their daily tabloid and their favorite five-cent magazine. Of those who do visit the library he has some very illuminating and surprising things to say.

First off, though our average reading tastes have been deplored it would seem that the favorite authors of the American public are those who have the "classic" label, namely, Mark Twain, Dickens, Thackeray, Galsworthy and Hardy. The contemporary author most read is Mary Roberts Rinehart, who has millions of avid readers. As for non-fiction, biography is being read a lot and more particularly the biographical novels of the debunking school. There is a great call for works on sociology, economics and political history, with a corresponding increase in "handy" books in woodworking, photography and other hobbies. Though many people are reading from real curiosity or to escape boredom, others are reading to perfect

themselves culturally and to garner a more comprehensive theoretical knowledge of the work they have been doing or are interested in. Then another great influence that sends people to books is the cinema. People like to see if the historical events pictured in the movies are "so."

We should like to recommend divers authors for divers summer days. The broad mind receives many apperceptions and impressions, it is only the flattened mind that receives all; so do not understand by this that we recommend an undisciplined catholicity in reading. Rather we would recommend a stern selectivity than open-mindedness to all matter that happens to attain the dignity of the printed page.

So if you have tired of your contemporaries or feel unable to keep up with the "best sellers" and the latest book being talked about, why not turn back the clock and dip into, let us say, the Victorians. We'll venture there's plenty you haven't touched in Meredith as most people either pass over Meredith entirely or do him the injustice of reading his "best" and skipping the rest. Then you might look into Trollope, you can't possibly have read all of him. You might have a Stevenson summer and devote your rainy and drowsy days to old Tusitala. If you've never read Thackeray's *Book of Snobs* by all means do. It's really one of the funniest books ever written. Then there is *Pickwick Papers* of course, and all of Dickens. Or why not become nautical with Conrad or deep and earth-earthly with Thomas Hardy? We haven't mentioned poetry or the essays of Arnold or Ruskin or the smooth-reading Lord Macaulay, but now that you're in for it, why not brush up on them?

The sum-total of these remarks, which may appear to be needlessly and effusively random, is precisely this: there are a

number of books, some sad, some wise, some gay, all reflecting some human attitude or experience; books that exist to serve your delight. You can make yours that happy mind that can take in the sanity of Swift, the beauty of Marlowe, the sternness of Goethe, the felicity of Lewis Carroll along with the daily adventures of "Popeye" in the comics, the mental discipline of your classroom text, the timeliness of this month's magazine, and the breathlessness of this evening's headline.

* * * * *

GATHERING VOLUME

A reader's check-list of some of the best read of the current book offerings: this time all of them non-fiction:

NAPOLEON'S LETTERS TO MARIE-LOUISE.

With foreword and commentary. (Farrar & Rinehart).

Napoleon self-revealed, in letters long believed lost. In them he gave Marie domestic advice and begged her to call him "Nap."

A MAN CALLED CERVANTES, by Bruno Frank.
(Viking Press).

In fifty words Carlyle stated all we definitely know of the author of "Don Quixote." Even, one must add, after reading this careful and fascinating work.

MY OLD WORLD, by Abbe Ernest Dimnet. (Simon & Schuster).

Characterized and permeated by the mellow mildness and warm humanity of *The Art of Living*. A spiritual biography.

CHRONICLES OF BARABAS, by George H. Doran.
(Harcourt, Brace).

Pen sketches, candidly drawn, of some interesting people whose names you see on title pages. By a publisher long famous for his work and associations.

ORDEAL BY FIRE, by Fletcher Pratt. (Smith & Haas).

This does for the Civil War, with appropriate sound and fury, what countless books have in the last two decades done for the most recent folly-painted it in all its stark reality.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE V: An English Chronicle, by D. C. Somervell. (Harcourt, Brace).

The background into which the sovereign fits, a record of England's hectic years. Mr. Somervell has some curious things to say about these United States.





By Joe Dyer, '36

Usually, at this time of the year, when anything is written it is filled with encomium—(we could have said highflown praise and be done with it)—concerning the class about to be graduated. But we are expected not to flatter, but to deflate. But again, because of the number of affairs that have been packed into the past fortnight or two we cannot deal at length with individuals but must content ourselves with giving a kaleidoscopic view of what, and where, and when.

THE CAP AND GOWN DANCE

Want ad sections of newspapers were entirely forgotten by the embryonic alumni as they shuffled the boards in their academic robes. Low and colored lights added ethereal splendor to the scene and as we watched them cavort around with their beautifully gowned partners our throats were inclined to become a bit lumpy. Jack (Friar Chief) Reilly avoided the center of the hall and skirted the edges in some kind of a maneuver that could be more correctly termed an Indian dance while Tom (LaSalle) Reilly inched his way along like a tired marathoner. . . . Ford McGowan—ye editor—was his usual straight self, still considering his dignity *uber alles* while Robert (Paul Revere) Lucy, wearing his best Dracula-like grin, elbowed and shinned his merry way across court. . . .

After it was all over we felt like seeing more of them so we grabbed the now defunct editor of the *Snapper*, Ed Hughes (why—we don't know), and cabbied our way to Child's. Just as we were entering we bumped into Herb Murray, wearing his wee-wee bow tie, and the plump faced George Kain. They might have had more than coffee and—but we're sure they didn't have time to eat a turkey dinner. . . . Frank Conway was off in a far corner chit-chatting and from the number of laughs he afforded his partner we came to the conclusion that he must have been talking about the munitions situation or a funeral. . . . Abe Feit and Kopit were mincing words about something or other and the way Abe gesticulated with his hands we were afraid he would gouge somebody's eye. . . . Bill Robinson, Bob Carroll and Vin (the only living member of the Connecticut Club) Carr were having a party all of their own with Vin furnishing all the jokes and also all the laughs that were supposed to follow. . . . Bill Thompson and Rosen were striving their best to look and act like pictures they had seen of college seniors. However, they must have looked at pictures other than we have seen because their paper napkins did look out of place tucked into their vests. . . . We finally dragged the rotten-shoed Hughes one out of there and into a Yellow. And all the way up Smith Hill he read out of an asinine novel that he had with him. The cabby must have been particularly bored for he charged the youth with the Charlie Chaplin walk double fare.

THE TEA DANCE

It seemed quite hard to get excited about dancing in the afternoon but hoping that we'd be able to gather a little more snooplites we deigned to attend it. As we entered the hall our eyes were attracted by the decorations, next by the music, and then by the attendance, because nobody else seemed to be there. However, after carefully glancing about we spied Jack (Pres.) Cavanaugh and his Helen in the distance along with Gus Motta and Marion. We achieved a big laugh out of those first few dances. With but five couples gliding about it looked

like a matinee performance of a marathon dance that was drawing to its end. Most of the windows along the side of the hall were open and through each aperture was struck a grinning face. It seems that the St. Pius schoolboys heard the music on the way by and they were having a swell time watching the jostling crowd (?). Other couples timidly entered from time to time and along about tea time (that was all afternoon for Paul Doyle) there were enough there to make the affair appear at least like a meeting of all those who understand the Einstein theory. We did have fun, though, and we think it was a noble attempt by the Juniors. *We've come to the conclusion that the only way to get PC students to attend tea dances is to run them at Pembroke.*

THE PRINCETON HOP

The Sophs and Frosh got together and staged a spring hop for our benefit—we thought they were trying to raise money to build a hospital or something by the amount they charged for admittance. They said that the price was high so that only the more ritzy of us would attend. We couldn't quite understand that. Irv Rossi and John Conaty came anyway, perhaps out of spite. Larry Walsh and George Kelly laughed when we told them they were charging too much for the affair but when they sat down at the piano to count the receipts—we roared. It was a fitting climax (we're talking about the dance now) to undergraduate extra-curricula activities and many a pretty nose will be powdered out of compacts with the *Veritas* seal on them on many future occasions, although the fair ones will probably relate their acquisition as coming from the Commencement Ball. Jim Piccolo, pudgy Frosh, introduced his New Haven Crawl for the first time outside of Georgiaville but we wouldn't advise anyone to try it except at a dance run by an auxiliary chapter of the cement mixers' union. Ralph Brennan, with his very coy accompanist, looked extremely youthful and springish. Evidently, a four year course isn't as rigorous and youth-sapping as many imagine. Afterwards most

of us had to scamper home but a few *doughboys* were able to go downtown and munch a French-fried potato or two.

POP FLIES

No, this isn't going to be a story of a papa who took airplane lessons, but rather, a few notes we gleaned out on Hendricken—or should we say Hurricane—Field. The day the Freshies played the blue—or should we say red—blooded sons of Harvard we happened to be passing through the locker room and one of the Crimson yearlings had a very brilliant tatoo on his left arm (it was right where you'll find the muscle on a PC man). Some wiseacre (it might have been Bunny Dempsey) remarked that the lads from Harvard (that's the place where Pres. Roosevelt's sons go) must have stopped at the Charlestown navy yard. . . . Another day we saw Paddy Morrison standing in back of Coach Egan and he was singing. We snuggled up close and the song went something like this: "*Please tell me, what's the reason I'm not pleasin you?*" In case you don't know it, Pat is just another institute substitute.

JOTTINGS

Captain Danny Boy Hart played a Wimpy act up at Dudley, Mass., when the racqueteers were playing with Nichols Junior College. The rest of the men anted up for theirs but hard-hearted Hart turned expense money into date money. . . . Blonde Willie Weeks is now a guide for Sunday-nite female tourists around Bradley Heights and in particular the environs of Harkins portals. . . . Rumor hath it that the southpawed Ralph Coleman, who takes a stab at first base now and then, is contemplating another season at Block Island where gigiloing is a favorite pastime. We would advise the dark visaged Ralph that Miss Providence would have him discard such notions or else. . . . Hint to an ambitious (are there any of those left) PC student: why not organize a transportation bureau for a bi-weekly service to the Races in Georgiaville. . . . Seymour Bedrick has been dashing up and down the corridors with his flat feet so much that we were curious as to what it was all about. "Fred Hoey" McCabe tells us

like a matinee performance of a marathon dance that was drawing to its end. Most of the windows along the side of the hall were open and through each aperture was struck a grinning face. It seems that the St. Pius schoolboys heard the music on the way by and they were having a swell time watching the jostling crowd (?). Other couples timidly entered from time to time and along about tea time (that was all afternoon for Paul Doyle) there were enough there to make the affair appear at least like a meeting of all those who understand the Einstein theory. We did have fun, though, and we think it was a noble attempt by the Juniors. *We've come to the conclusion that the only way to get PC students to attend tea dances is to run them at Pembroke.*

THE PRINCETON HOP

The Sophs and Frosh got together and staged a spring hop for our benefit—we thought they were trying to raise money to build a hospital or something by the amount they charged for admittance. They said that the price was high so that only the more ritzy of us would attend. We couldn't quite understand that. Irv Rossi and John Conaty came anyway, perhaps out of spite. Larry Walsh and George Kelly laughed when we told them they were charging too much for the affair but when they sat down at the piano to count the receipts—we roared. It was a fitting climax (we're talking about the dance now) to undergraduate extra-curricula activities and many a pretty nose will be powdered out of compacts with the *Veritas* seal on them on many future occasions, although the fair ones will probably relate their acquisition as coming from the Commencement Ball. Jim Piccolo, pudgy Frosh, introduced his New Haven Crawl for the first time outside of Georgiaville but we wouldn't advise anyone to try it except at a dance run by an auxiliary chapter of the cement mixers' union. Ralph Brennan, with his very coy accompanist, looked extremely youthful and springish. Evidently, a four year course isn't as rigorous and youth-sapping as many imagine. Afterwards most

of us had to scamper home but a few *doughboys* were able to go downtown and munch a French-fried potato or two.

POP FLIES

No, this isn't going to be a story of a papa who took airplane lessons, but rather, a few notes we gleaned out on Hendricken—or should we say Hurricane—Field. The day the Freshies played the blue—or should we say red—blooded sons of Harvard we happened to be passing through the locker room and one of the Crimson yearlings had a very brilliant tatoo on his left arm (it was right where you'll find the muscle on a PC man). Some wiseacre (it might have been Bunny Dempsey) remarked that the lads from Harvard (that's the place where Pres. Roosevelt's sons go) must have stopped at the Charlestown navy yard. . . . Another day we saw Paddy Morrison standing in back of Coach Egan and he was singing. We snuggled up close and the song went something like this: "*Please tell me, what's the reason I'm not pleasin you?*" In case you don't know it, Pat is just another institute substitute.

JOTTINGS

Captain Danny Boy Hart played a Wimpy act up at Dudley, Mass., when the racqueteers were playing with Nichols Junior College. The rest of the men anted up for theirs but hard-hearted Hart turned expense money into date money. . . . Blonde Willie Weeks is now a guide for Sunday-nite female tourists around Bradley Heights and in particular the environs of Harkins portals. . . . Rumor hath it that the southpawed Ralph Coleman, who takes a stab at first base now and then, is contemplating another season at Block Island where gigiloing is a favorite pastime. We would advise the dark visaged Ralph that Miss Providence would have him discard such notions or else. . . . Hint to an ambitious (are there any of those left) PC student: why not organize a transportation bureau for a bi-weekly service to the Races in Georgiaville. . . . Seymour Bedrick has been dashing up and down the corridors with his flat feet so much that we were curious as to what it was all about. "Fred Hoey" McCabe tells us

that the flashy one hundred and thirty-five pounder is training for the '36 Olympics and that he will run under the colors of the Nazi A. C. . . . Vin McBrien, Soph scientist, has turned his analytic mind in the direction of the blonde female population of Attleboro and the only spots before his eyes are the high ones. . . . George Comstock, the greatest lover of horseflesh in the Fleshman class, arrived at college one morning clad in a weird ensemble. When questioned concerning his tastes he unabashedly replied: "Please turn to page one twenty-three in *Esquire* and there I am."

THE EDITH GERRY CLUBSTERS

The Edith Gerry Club sponsored a scavenger hunt (one of those things where you go out and try to get impossible things before you realize the futility of it) and of course every other girl was with a lad from the Smith Hill campus. "McStew" Banahan dashed into a chain store in quest of one coffee bean just when the store was being rushed by weekend buyers. Needless to say he was almost beaned himself. . . . And whom should we see but The Squinter of the Geary family with a genuine toupee adorning his much discussed and sunburned pate! . . . "Nero" St. Germain laughed himself out of a seat when his chair succumbed to his bulky he-haws. . . . Joe Carew was also there and with a look on his face that seemed to say: Joe, how in the world did you ever happen to get mixed up with this crowd?

TIP-OFFS

Dom Minnicucci looked around a long time before he became affiliated with someone to bring to dances hereabouts. We see that he did well for now when he has two-thousand-word written assignments Pearl does the typing. . . . Eddie Hanson and Paul Doyle entertained with impressionistic dances at a recent meeting of the Women's Advertising Club of Rhode Island. The program was known as "Dancing Through The Ages." Eddie gave his own conception of how the Charleston used to be done while the innocent looking Paul gave a rendition of a new dance known as the "bunny hug."

. . . Diz Gorman, we learn, gave insurrection speeches from a soapbox during the long drawn out strike period last summer. He should make a very acceptable campaign speaker for prospective candidates for class offices.

DRAMA HERABOUTS

The Blackfriars' Guild, a nationwide dramatic group, and organized here in Providence by Father Nagle, presented the passion play *Barter*. Five performances were given and if reports emanating from backstage are true the stage hands had all they could do picking up things that the stolid-panned James Coffey knocked down. . . . Someone mentioned the fact that Coffey could get himself a job as a mill-wrecker and to accomplish his devastation all he would have to do would be walk through the mill yard. But the play was well acted and well presented and the movement seems to have gained a strong foothold here in Providence. . . . The Pyramid Players were also active and the three-act play, *Holiday*, presented by them was meritorious. The only thing lacking was student support but we feel that next year their support will not have to be solicited. The saying goes that if you build even a better mouse-trap the world will beat a path to your door.

WHY GUS?

When anything goes wrong around here the usual answer is that "Feeney did it." Of course no particular student is referred to, but rather an ex-student. Well, down at Rhode Island State they use the name Gus Hagstrom (the athletic soph) in a similar manner. Co-eds have his picture plastered on the walls and he is fast becoming a campus proverb.

LION OR MOUSE?

Several hours after the Cap and Gown dance Joe Famiglietti was top-toeing his way to his boudoir and before you could say "Pete Lekakos batting for Hammond" he was entangled in a tennis net that Joe Hartnett and Adolph Janulis had put there for that purpose. After fighting his way out of it he exhaustedly stumbled for his bed. But his feet wouldn't

go past the halfway mark for the boys had also roped down the clothes. No sleep for the wicked, Joe.

ADIEU TO DUTY

The time has come to resurrect the sunburn lotion and the water wings and also to end all this. It's been no end of fun, and we hope you've enjoyed it as much as we have. Have a nice summer—and if we've got in your hair, send for the Fuller Brush Man...he'll probably be a P C alumnus. So while Georgie Cusack strums "*There's a Long, Long Trail A-grinding*" on the ukelele, we turn down the flame and let the old Friar Pan sputter its last. Adieu to Duty, and to all of you.

* * * * *

GUZMAN HALL NOTES

The Freshman Committee, under the direction of Regis Whalen, has started work on the farewell banquet to be held at the end of May. . . . The elections for officers in the Philomusian Society for next year will be held Sunday, May 22. . . . Guzman's tennis court is nearing completion and will be ready for use before the close of the year. . . . Two Guzmanites have landed places on the Frosh baseball squad. They are Frank Zavadskis and Joe Kossick. . . . Maury Regan and Jodie Hagan are listed as strong supports of the 'Varsity tennis squad. . . . To date, the leadership in the mushball league is being taken care of by J. F. O'Connell's "Squareheads."

Press Box

by Bud Murphy, '38

VARSIITY BASEBALL

After a brief period of practice under the new coach, Jack Egan, the 1935 Providence College Baseball Team swung into its annual season. Young men, lacking Varsity experience but fired with enthusiasm are occupying the places vacated by graduates from last year's outfit. Once again the eyes of Friar fans are focussed on a group that claims most of its members from the Sophomore Class.

Co-captains Marion and Madden are the only veterans who returned, but a clicking team is being rapidly built around them. At this writing, several experimental changes have been made in the lineup, and it is not good baseball to try and forecast just what the permanent list will be.

It is to be hoped that the new material, though green in intercollegiate baseball circles, will not be found wanting in the spirit that has carried Providence College ball teams to the heights in the past.

Providence College versus Stroudsburg

The Friars made a very auspicious opening by subduing the Teachers' college 5-1. Fred Collins, southpaw, held Stroudsburg to one scratch hit, while P. C. made the most of its seven and converted them into five runs and the ball game. Marion, Bleiden, and Collins each collected two hits to divide the batting honors among them.

Providence College versus Princeton

Trailing by five runs up to the eighth inning, the Friars uncorked a spirited attack which netted them nine runs and their second victory in as many starts. It was the first meet-

ing of the two institutions on the diamond. It also marked warning to the future P. C. opponents that a real test was in store for them. The fielding of Milt Bleiden was one of the highlights of the game.

Providence College versus Villanova

While Fred Collins was holding Villanova to eight scattered hits, the P. C. delegation made eleven, many of which went for extra bases and mounted the total runs to ten. Omer Landry led the attack with three hits and as many runs. It marked the third straight victory for the Friars against no defeats.

Providence College versus St. John's

Father Time prevented the team from making a clean sweep of their current trip when the game was called at the end of the ninth inning with the score tied 4-4 to permit another game to be played which was scheduled for the same field. With the optimistic side in view, we feel certain that if the game had been able to go to duration the home forces would have edged out the Redmen.

Providence College versus Dartmouth

Dartmouth stopped the Friar winning streak and administered unto them their first defeat of the season. Olson, visiting pitcher, kept the six hits which they obtained from his delivery under control. The Indians combined five walks and five hits along with two errors to bring them five runs and the victory.

Providence College versus Springfield

In a game replete with thrills and doubt, until the last inning the Friars emerged victorious by the slim margin of 8 to 7. Leo Marion with 4 hits out of 5 trips to the plate was the batting star of the game while Omer Landry starred in the

field by making six excellent putouts, one of which was a running catch in deep left field of a line drive. It was the equal of anything ever witnessed on Hendricken Field.

Providence College Frosh versus Becker College

The Friar Yearlings had little difficulty in scoring a 10 to 1 victory over their Becker Rivals. The Freshmen cut loose with a 13-hit attack while Paul Ryan in the box for the Frosh held the opposition to five hits and had the game in hand all the way. It was the initial game of the season for both teams.

Providence College Frosh versus Harvard Frosh

Frank Zavadskis and Ray Ingalls engaged in a pitcher's battle with the former having the edge. Zavadskis was found for only three hits while the Friar Yearlings bunched their five to score two runs which proved to be all that was needed. Leo Ploski gathered the only extra base hit of the game when he tripled in the eighth inning to score Vin Ahearn with the winning run.

Providence College Frosh versus R. I. State Frosh

The Frosh captured the first of a two game series with their rivals from Kingston by setting them down 5-3. Paul Ryan was unsolvable as he held the visitors to three hits while Hines, the Ramlet pitcher, yielded eight. It marked the third victory in a run for the Freshmen and kept their undefeated record intact.

HOMECOMING

(Continued from Page 8)

death until only he remained to carry on the proud name of Ramsey. When she finished, the boy was in tears. She bathed and shaved him, clipped his hair—the hair that had once been like the twist of sugar candy—and dressed him in the spotless linen and old brass-buttoned suit that had belonged to his father. He stood erect for a moment, a haughty light shining in his eyes, then half fell to the chair.

"Aunt Judy," he sighed, "I've been a lot of places and done a lot of things. I'm back now, poorer than when I started. I was ashamed to write for help. I—but I'm happy now, Aunt Judy. I'm happy now, like I was when I was young and played around this old home. I'm home—home!"

"Course you is, honey. Course you is. An' you're gonna make this ole plantation hum now, all right. Oh, Lawdy—marse Tod's gonna make everything hum, shore 'nough."

But even as she spoke the boy gave the lie to her words. With a last contented smile he closed his eyes and slept—slept, never again to wake.

Hot salty tears crept freely down her face as she held the hand of the last of the Ramseys—a family that once had been great. Her brain was filled with visions of the glories that once had been associated with the old mansion grounds. The doors of the great house were open, and sounds of music and laughter reached her ears. Magnificent carriages and spirited horses filled the courtyard with their glittering trappings. Children played on the green lawns. Hounds leaped and yelped in the stableyard where the young master and his lady were mounting for a society foxhunt. Outside, in the

JOSEPH M. TALLY

JOSEPH V. TALLY, P. C., '26

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fields, the darkies were singing at their work. All was joy and splendor. A lad with golden curly hair ran down the path from the great house, laughing and shouting as he came, "Aunt Judy! Aunt Judy! See what I've found! Where's Joey? Tell Joey I'm coming!"

"Yes," the old colored mammy whispered. "He's a-coming, Joey."

Outside, the sun had set; the first stars were coming into a soft gray sky. The evening wind was rising, and on its wings came the sound of voices lifted up in singing thanks. She stood listening to the Emancipation Day procession as Br'er Garrett led his flock homeward in the gathering dusk.

"I'se worked all day in the broilin' sun—" the mellow tones of the leader rolled across the open fields.

"Lawd, Jesus, call me home," replied the people.

"Now de sun is down an' de work is done—

"Lawd, Jesus, call me home."



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PATRONIZE ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS

CURRENT TRENDS IN MODERN
COLLEGE MAGAZINES

(Continued from Page 12)

most part, a broad enough outlook upon the problems of the day to offer comments that manifest and stimulate thought rather than glibly attempting the futile task of solving them. We are satisfied that the average college magazine can successfully withstand critical test on the matter of editorial policy. This is explained by the fact that most editorials are the work of the Editor and his assistants—men who have won recognition for their ability and talent.

The verse content of most collegiate magazines is restricted to a certain talented few who offer their contributions regularly and faithfully. We are somewhat hesitant about mentioning the flaws we have observed in their work; poets are gentle creatures. But it is only in a helpful spirit that we are induced to note our disagreements with their choice in technique. We have arrived at two conclusions: first, there is generally lacking a sense of poetic imagery; secondly, young poets are likely to be inconsistent in rhyme schemes. The former is by far the more pardonable fault, since the cultivation of poetic imagination and artistic vocabulary are realised only through intensive study and practice. The inconsistency in rhyme scheme, however, can and should be rectified. The modern trend toward disregarding this important factor will never number us among its supporters; we are die-hards for the cause of the old masters who induced a certain sense of smoothness in rhythm through the medium of rhyme. We will not, however, be too severe, for the poetic content of most college magazines does much to brighten and enrich their pages.

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PATRONIZE ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS

PROSPERITY AND DEPRESSION IN MILLVILLE

(Continued from Page 18)

rolls. The Millville Municipal Finance Commission made available Forester's Hall Building, located on Prospect Street, for the purpose of housing the project, some portion of the work being done in another building on Main Street. The enterprise was designed primarily for the employment of women, in the manufacture of men's, women's, and children's wear from knitted fabric. The idea was to provide employment for local people who could not otherwise obtain a livelihood, and to supply wearing apparel to welfare cases in Massachusetts, to those who were in no position to buy in the open market. The government in this activity brings together the unemployed management, unemployed labor, and unemployed raw materials for the purpose of supplying goods to other unemployed persons. The town's share of the monthly cost for this project was approximately \$130, but the financial gain to the community has been enormous. There also was obtained, through the benefits of the ERA, projects to keep men in the town employed, and much of their work was on improvements to town-owned buildings, construction of water cisterns in the outlying districts, school yard grading, maintenance and repairs to highways, and temporary repairs to Foresters Hall, where the ERA knitting factory was being operated. This provided work for sixty-two or more men. The number of persons on the knitting mill payrolls total seventy-four. The demands for garments manufactured at the Millville knitting factory have increased to such an extent that it is necessary to install a double shift on the project, and before long almost 150 people will be directly employed.

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The public hydrant system is indefinitely out of service owing to the fact that the water level in the river is below the suction pipes to the pumps furnishing the water supply for the town. This situation took place on January 18, 1935, as a result of orders from the county commissioners to the United States Rubber Company to repair or remove two dams on the Blackstone River. These dams have been considered in an unsafe condition for some time, and in addition to storing water for the town pumps had been used for water power at the Lawrence Felting Company, the property of the United States Rubber Company.

The town fire department consists of a 400-gallon automobile pumping engine equipped with a 70-gallon booster tank, but to the high lift from the bridge across the river, suction supply for the pumping engine cannot be obtained. In fact, there are but few locations in the town where suction supply for this pumper is available. The only protection, therefore, is that furnished by the booster tank on the fire apparatus.

There appears to be overwhelming evidence that Millville is no longer in a position to sustain itself. Efforts to induce business concerns to come to Millville and operate the industrial plants have proved futile, and the present owners of these idle buildings appear to see no future prospect of manufacturing being again resumed in their properties. Being an industrial community and not a farming or residential area, the prospects for the development of local tax-paying ability do not appear to be eminently probable.

Early history attests to thriving industries, from which fact the town derived its name. Today, to the casual observer, the exact paradox seemingly exists. Without the assistance of the federal and state government no one knows what might

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befall a hopeful people. Truly they know the hardships of depression, but they endured it all for many months before the prevailing conditions were brought before the State Legislature.

Fate has not been kind to Millville. A ghost of a western town at present, her fire system destroyed, and where only recently the public street lights were again illuminated after two years of utter darkness, she steadily moves forward in the world's history with the proudest of kings, empires, nations, states, cities and towns. Millville still hopes.



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PRIDE GOETH

(Continued from Page 24)

"Does the doctor know how much trouble you're having with her?"

"Surely——he told me she was like this but I never dreamed that she'd carry it this far."

"Well, let's forget that subject for a while and talk about you and me. When shall we have the wedding?"

"Jack, we mustn't until things clear up at home."

"Why?"

"You know as well as I do."

"I can't see your point in not getting married just because your mother is sick."

"There are other reasons. And even if there weren't, that one would be sufficient. It's absolutely unfair to ask you to assume our difficulties, you have plenty of your own."

"I know, I know, darling. But it would simplify matters for all of us."

"Not as far as I can see."

"Plenty of our friends have been married under almost the same circumstances and they never regretted it."

"The few fortunate ones have made a go of it."

"So could we."

"Not now. The doctor told me this afternoon that mother isn't going to get better."

"I know it sounds morbid," he said after a protracted silence, "but if she's not going to get well it would be better for everyone if her sickness were not prolonged."

"I know how you feel, and to tell the truth I've thought that myself, but it seems so cruel even to wish it."

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Jack was silent. The stars and the moon gave the car a colorless sheen as it rolled along unaware of the weight it bore in its bosom. The entire conversation—even though it was at this moment being turned over in their minds—seemed as though it had never taken place, so detached from reality everything seemed.

As the car turned and headed back along the road, a wrench lying along the back of the seat slid the width of the car and stopped with a slam behind Joan's head. She started forward with a question on her lips.

"It was nothing important, Darling," came the reassuring answer.

They drew up silently before the door. Whispering a good-night Joan started to climb out. She turned, kissed him quickly and vanished.

When he heard the latch of the door click he moved onward, suddenly aware that a situation was arising in which a final decision was becoming increasingly difficult to make—and unless it was made, a serious argument was imminent.

Joan slipped quietly out of her things and opened the door of her mother's room, just to make sure that the woman was sleeping peacefully.———She was.

The stricken girl didn't move—couldn't. A word separated her lips but remained frozen there. The inert figure lay across a path of moonlight flooding in through a wide open window.

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Ay, lay a wreath beneath the cross
That marks the fallen soldier's grave
Here lie the bones of one who gave
His life to save the world from dross.

Beside his grave, one moment pause.
Consider how he gave his life
And fell amid the bloody strife,
A martyr to his country's cause.

He gave up all that life holds dear
To fight for Country and for God.
• 'Mid shot and shell, on Flemish sod
He fought and fell, *sans* praise or cheer.

Let, then, your panegyric sound
His praises on the winds, that blow
Among the perfumed flowers that grow
Upon his bit of hallowed ground.

J. B. McCarthy, '36.